

## Trains

My father came to Ohio  
With an attitude tucked in his pants  
About the time Lynyrd Skynyrd died  
He was ready to leave  
Smoking pipes of brown and red  
He spun out his nights

He's six feet standing  
Twice that lying around  
Got a head for the figures  
Never let a stranger start the fight

Thumbing up from Columbus  
He met Sandy drinking stale raisin wine  
On a moon dunked Saturday  
He showed her lots of reasons  
For shedding blue cotton  
And closing her eyes

She taught him to see  
With his hands  
To extinguish certain fires  
How to say goodbye

